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MAJOR HOLMES' LETTER.

The letter of the governor's private secretary, Major H. M. Holmes, to Col. Wiley, of Dallas, as published in yesterday's STATESMAN, has produced and will continue to give rise to much good for the Confederate Home. Coming as it did from one who wore the blue and addressed to his comrades in arms during the terrible days of a quarter century ago, it summoned them to quick action for the assistance of the unfortunates among those who in the early years of the sixth decade of our century fought like heroes and now suffer for their heroism. The Grand Army men of Dallas waited not to have renewed urging added to the persuasive eloquence of Major Holmes' letter, but immediately met and took active steps to raise funds for the Home. Major Holmes and those generous union soldiers deserve the thanks and gratitude of the Home.

But such quick response on the part of these men, who were on the "other side," should, like an electrical flash, awaken every ex-Confederate in the state to action. For, shall it be said that a Union soldier was, in the time of need, found more ready to help an ex-Confederate than an ex-Confederate was to offer his comrade in battle encouragement and succor? Let us be grateful; thrice grateful to these generous Grand Army men, theirs is a work of noble, whole-souled generosity, but in the name of honor let not the ex-Confederate be outdone in tendering ready and ample assistance to his unfortunate ex-Confederate comrades.

WORK FOR THE HOME COMMENDED.

The Fort Worth Gazette has the following editorial on the work of an enthusiastic meeting of the citizens of Walker county in the interest of the Confederate Home. The resolutions referred to contemplate a state movement in the way of a yearly state convention to keep alive enthusiasm on this subject, and also in every county of the state a local organization. It is declared in the resolutions these state and county organizations must be permanent affairs to keep up a constant and well balanced interest in the home, as it will not do to trust to sporadic and spontaneous bursts of zeal in the Home's behalf. The object of the Walker county citizens is most excellent, its plan of action very complete. Of their resolutions, the Gazette says:

"There is always a right way as well as a wrong way to do a thing. The citizens of Walker county have chosen the right way to aid in the building and maintenance of a Confederate Soldiers' Home. They held a public meeting and determined to appeal to the people of Texas, and appointed a committee to issue an address asking other counties to join in the movement. They also determined to go down in their own pockets and give financial aid and encouragement to the enterprise.

The address of the committee will be found reproduced elsewhere in these columns. It is a plain statement of the facts, and a patriotic appeal to the people of the south to take care of those battle-scarred veterans who, more than a quarter of a century ago, poured out their blood for principle's sake. It would be well for every county in Texas to follow Walker's lead. The people of Texas are well to

do. Crops are abundant this year, and general prosperity prevails. This is a good time to give of your plenty for the support of those who are in want for patriotism's sake."

With humiliation should be noted that almost if not entirely without exception, in the agricultural reports being filed in our state departments, occurs the record of so and so many thousand pounds of bacon and lard imported into each and every county. They all raise and export their cotton and corn and wheat, their cattle and sheep—but import their bacon. Why should such a state of things be? Does it pay to raise a whole storehouse of corn and sell it cheap in some foreign market, where we buy high priced bacon? Is such a practice true economy? Texas and every county in it should raise abundance of hogs at least for home consumption. It would be big money in the farmers' pockets in this way to dispose of their corn. Texas is no longer unfenced prairie lands—farmers raise your own hogs and keep your bacon money at home.

The Fort Worth Gazette sends us the following kindly greeting: "THE AUSTIN STATESMAN is a beauty in its new dress, which, we are told, is not a holiday attire but 'working clothes.'" THE STATESMAN has been doing manifold and intelligent work for its city, and while the sleepy old capital is hard to arouse, THE STATESMAN will persevere in well doing. The Gazette sends its contemporary hearty congratulations." Don't be too hard on Austin. It does, we confess, seem a hard struggle for her to get out of the old rut, but she has opened her eyes and is looking along new lines of progress, and being in a healthy physical condition, we entertain strong hopes of her successfully pulling out of the mire and striking a good gait along a better road and a shorter cut to advancement. At all events we promise we will not be sparing in the use of the goad, if milder persuasion will not avail.

A good joke on Secretary of the Interior Noble has just come to light. It seems that alone upon his strong and persistent recommendation Mr. Wm. T. Harris was recently appointed commissioner of education. In former days he was a red-hot republican, but he experienced, with wider observation, a change of heart. He fell in love with Cleveland's anti-protection platform and warmly supported him in the last campaign. This fact has, when too late, been brought to Noble's attention and will reach the president's ear in due course of time. What he will then have to say is matter of conjecture, as it is also as to what effect it will have on the selection of Noble for a position on the supreme court bench. Is he a man, careful enough for that position is a question to which now much point is given.

THE St. Louis Republic gives this account of the debts of some nations: "Brazil has a debt of nearly \$500,000,000, and the Argentine Republic of \$310,000,000. The latter country, however, is building railroads and drawing immigration very rapidly. Chili's debt is only a little over \$80,000,000, but considering the size and character of her territory this looks like a pretty good load. Poor Peru probably owes \$250,000,000. Perhaps it is a consolation to know that the exact amount can't be determined."

"Is Marriage a Failure?" is a question that has been much tossed about the past year. Mr. Gladstone has had a half century of experience with married life, and the hale, hearty and contented old age of both himself and wife would seem to furnish a very strong negative to any such proposition. He has lately given a very neat formula of action which may be the key-note of wedded happiness—at least it might be well for all married folks to think it over. He says: "Whenever my wife insists I submit; whenever I insist she submits."

A VERY refreshing rain yesterday, and we should all feel aroused to renewed and energetic action in aiding the Confederate Home, constructing a dam across the Colorado, establishing a half-dozen manufactories in Austin and providing for an elaborate and lasting system of internal improvements. Austin needs a boom—can't we boom her?

Don't hawk and spit and blow as you go, but get a bottle of Dr. Thurmond's Lone Star Catarrh Cure, as it will cure you, you know. Alexander & Cornwell, 219 East Pecan street.

An unkind criticism is like a pin—the better the point the more it hurts.

ANOTHER'S CRIME!

FROM THE DIARY OF INSPECTOR BYRNES.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE,

—AUTHOR OF—

"The Great Bank Robbery," "An American Penman," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXI. AT HEADQUARTERS.



HE next morning, while the judge and Pauline were sitting over their breakfast, he said: "By the way, my darling, you remember my saying yesterday that that person—the black haired man, whom I paid a check to, reminded me of some one?"

Pauline, who had been sitting in a listless and pensive posture, instantly brightened up and expectation sparkled in her eyes.

"Yes, I remember! Have you thought who it is?"

"It occurred to me last night, or early this morning, while I was lying awake. The name he gave yesterday evening—John—something—"

"John Grush."

"John Grush—yes; that was not the name of the person I am thinking of. I don't mean to imply that his name may not have been John Grush. But he certainly bears a remarkable resemblance to another man whom you, I think, never saw, but whose name will be familiar to you."

"Who? tell me!"

The judge was a little surprised at her impatience. "Mind you, it's only a fancy of mine," he said. "Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned it; but it had such an odd relation to a matter very near to you. Of course, however, it is impossible that the person who was here last night can be the man I refer to."

"But who is it?"

"He reminded me of Horace Dupee," said the judge. "Of course you know whom I mean. I was not personally engaged in the trial, but I dropped into the court one day, and watched the proceedings for half an hour. That was the only occasion on which I ever saw Dupee. He was a striking looking fellow, and I retained an unusually distinct memory of his features. This man Grush looks a good deal older than Dupee did—though, to be sure, it was several years ago."

"Will you have some more coffee, dear?" asked Pauline.

"No more, thank you. I'll go and smoke a cigar, and then—How is your mother feeling this morning?"

"About the same. I have an idea it might be good for her to get up to breakfast in the mornings. I think she could, if she tried. Perhaps a stimulus of some sort would benefit her—some great piece of news, for instance."

"Possibly. But I hardly think there is any news that would be likely to interest your mother. She hardly ever so much as looks in a newspaper."

"I don't mean news of that kind. But if, for instance, she should hear that the thief who committed the robbery of which Percy was accused was caught and convicted; or (if it were possible) that Percy himself is not dead, but had in some strange way escaped!"

"Ah, yes; such news would give her fresh life, no doubt. But we must not let our imagination take so wide a range."

"It is not impossible. Why may not Percy be alive? No one has seen his dead body. Why may he not return some day? Men have often returned who were thought to be lost for years and years."

"Why, my dear, do not let your mind run on such thoughts! You are excited already. We must not hope to see Percy again."

After a pause Pauline said, "If he were to come back do you think he would be arrested on that old charge?"

"Speaking from the legal point of view, I suppose he would be."

"But suppose he were to come back—suppose he were in New York now—would it be unsafe for him to be seen or to have it known? Would he have to keep in hiding until his innocence could be proven?"

"My dearest wife," replied the judge, gently, "the law cannot be affected by sentiment. If it were so, it would cease to be the law. I do not say that, in certain instances, become something better and higher. Only in certain instances, mind you. As to Percy's case, there is no reason to suppose that he would be treated with any special severity. Quite the contrary. It is almost certain that the original prosecutor would not appear; and the government would scarcely take up the matter. No; Percy would be arrested and certain formalities gone through with, and—but, bless my soul, I am talking as if the poor boy were still in this world! God bless him! He is far beyond the reach of worldly justice or injustice now!"

With these words the good judge got up, and after kissing his wife's hand in a chivalrous fashion of his, he went into the library to smoke his cigar.

Pauline loved her husband, but she was glad to be alone at that moment. She was wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, and felt the necessity of dealing with her thoughts and emotions in private. She went up to her boudoir and locked herself in.

Since the occurrence of the day before she had more than once been on the point of revealing the whole matter to her husband. Had it concerned herself alone, she would have done so at the outset. But the secret was Percy's in

the first place, and she could not tell how she had been blackmailed without revealing his presence in the city. No doubt the judge would keep the secret, for her sake, if for no other reason; but she had reflected that it could do no good to Percy to have him know it; and if Percy's presence should happen to be discovered in any other way it might prove awkward for the judge to have been found in the position of sheltering a fugitive from justice. On the other hand, she could not tell Percy of the insult that had been put upon her, because he would undoubtedly sacrifice everything to inflict summary punishment upon the blackmailer. She had therefore decided to pay the latter a sum of money, giving him to understand that no more would be forthcoming for a month; and in the course of that month she intended to turn all her energies to the task of clearing Percy, by some means or other, of the old charge which so hampered and obstructed him. She would then be free to deal with the blackmailer at her leisure, and she intended to punish him to the full extent of the law.

But the revelation of the blackmailer's identity changed the whole aspect of the case. To Pauline it had been totally unexpected; and yet in looking back she could fancy that she had known him intuitively from the first. Be that as it might, it was a triumph more complete than she had ever dared to anticipate. Dupee was the man who had murdered her brother Jerrold; he (as she believed) was the man who had cast a nearly fatal shadow over the career of Percy; and he, again, delivered himself, bound hand and foot, into her power by perpetrating upon her the crime of blackmail. She had him securely, for though he had given a false name the judge would be able to identify him as the recipient of the check, and the case against him would thus be proved. He would be arrested on that charge, and then it would go hard, but the whole truth should come out. She regarded Percy as being as good as dead, and was strongly impelled to go and tell him the story at once; but, on second thought, she decided to wait until the probability had been made a certainty, and then bring him news in which there should be no element of conjecture. She wished, moreover, to enjoy the pleasure of managing the affair herself, without either her husband's or her brother's help.

Having determined in her own mind her plan of proceedings, she waited until her husband had started on his daily trip to his office, and then she put on her cloak and bonnet and went out herself.

It was a fine, clear forenoon. It was not the first time she had visited police headquarters, and she knew the way thither. The squalid denizens of Bleeker and Mulberry streets stared at the handsome lady as she passed by, but she was too much preoccupied by the matter in hand to notice their observation. She mounted the steps of the big white faced building with a light heart, and asked to be admitted to see Inspector Byrnes.

She had just put the question to the sergeant when the inspector came out, in hat and overcoat. He recognized her immediately, and lifted his hat with a smile.

"You are going out," she said. "When can I see you?"

"I am not going out," was his reply. "I am going to ask you to come into my office and have a talk. If you had not come here I might have called on you today. Come in." And he conducted her to the inner room.

"Now, then," he said, when they were seated, "what is the news?"

"It is you who should have news for me," she returned, smiling. "I'm sure you have had time to find out a dozen such mysteries as the one I asked you about."

The inspector wore an amused look. "When you want to bamboozle an old hand like me," he said, "you must first of all learn to command your face. You must not look happy if you expect me to believe that you are miserable. If you have lost a brother, you must not look as if you had found one!"

Pauline blushed and got a little frightened. "It was not my brother that I asked you to find, Inspector Byrnes," she said.

"No, the brother was to be thrown in. I suppose this is fine weather we are having just now. Mrs. Kettle, he added, in another tone. "Capital for exercise!"

"I beg your pardon."

He laughed. "You live up near the park," he said. "Would it be too far for you to walk up to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, or that neighborhood?"

"To One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street?"

"By the way, that reminds me of something; perhaps you may be able to enlighten me. There is an English friend of mine in town, a gentleman by the name of Clifton. He is over here to look after the interests of a valuable English estate. It seems that the hereditary owner of this estate lately deceased, and it became necessary to find the next man in the succession. It was known that he had gone to New Zealand, but upon investigation there it appeared that he had left on a visit to this country. Finally news of him was received from Mexico. Does the story interest you?"

"Let me hear," she said.

"Well, in Mexico a man answering to his name was found; but on being told of his inheritance, he declared that he

would have nothing to do with it. That seemed odd; for people are not in the habit of throwing away three-quarters of a million of money. Just then a person appeared on the scene who affirmed that this man was not the person he represented himself to be at all, but an impostor. That seemed possible in one way; in the other way, an impostor would be the last man in the world whom one would expect to let a great property slip between his fingers. My English friend was puzzled; but he knew that this mysterious gentleman had lately been in New York, and it occurred to him that it might be a good plan to come on here and see if he could learn anything more about him.

"Now, it so happens that I have an acquaintance in Mexico who makes a point of knowing what goes on there, and whenever he hears of anything that he thinks might interest me he drops me a line, or sends a telegram, if there is any hurry. He had heard about this affair I speak of, and also that the mysterious gentleman had had an interview with some government officials, and immediately afterwards had left Mexico en route for the United States. He telegraphed this information, together with the alleged name of the mysterious gentleman. It was a name I had heard before, and I had even met the gentleman himself. So, when the steamer was announced, I took half an hour and went down to the wharf to say good day to him. And then, Mrs. Kettle, a curious thing happened."

He paused and fixed his eyes on her. She sat before him with her hands tightly clasped in her lap, her lips compressed and her eyes dark with emotion.

"The gentleman whom I saw," continued the inspector, "was not the one named in the telegram, but it was an intimate friend of his, whom I had also met before. He had, however, been reported dead. But seeing him alive and well, though somewhat changed in appearance, I came to the conclusion that perhaps a mistake had been made, and that it was the friend who had died."

But Pauline could restrain herself no longer. She lifted her hands slightly and let them fall again.

"He was a dear friend of mine," she said, while the tears came into her eyes; "he was a good friend to Percy. I see you know all, inspector; you seem to know everything! What are you going to do with him?"

CHAPTER XXII. JOHN GRUSH.



"HAT am I going to do with him?" the inspector repeated. "Why, I have been under the impression that he was already in the best of hands and would need no attention from me!"

"Ah, don't laugh at me! If you mean harm to him, let me know it. It was by my advice that he kept in hiding. If he were arrested here it would ruin his position in Mexico, even if he were released again immediately."

"Now, Mrs. Kettle, let us understand each other," said the inspector, becoming grave and business like. "You asked me, a year ago, to clear the memory of your brother, whom you believed to be dead, of the stain that had been put upon it, by discovering and punishing the real perpetrator of the crime he was accused of. I told you that I would do what I could, and I have kept my word. By and by you discover that your brother is not dead after all, and is in New York. Don't you think it would have been a kind and courteous act on your part to have come to me and told me of it?"

"He is my brother," was her reply. "I could think of nothing before his welfare. I have told no one that he is here, or that he is alive—not even my mother nor my husband. I know that you are an officer of the law, and that when you saw your duty you would have no choice but to execute it. I hoped that the real criminal would be found, and so all turn out right."

"I don't know as I ought to expect you to care more for the law than you do for your brother," remarked the detective, stroking his chin; "and perhaps I should feel complimented that you expected the real criminal, as you call him, to be tracked and captured out of hand. But America is a large place, and the police have a number of things to look after; and, as you know, it is one thing to suspect a man, and another to convict him. As to Mr. Percy Nolen, I will only say, at present, that I have thought it sufficient to keep one eye on him; his arrest is not necessary at this stage of the proceedings."

"I thank you, Inspector Byrnes," Pauline said, "whether you considered me in your action or not. But have you heard nothing of—of Horace Dupee?"

The inspector raised his head and contemplated her gravely.

"So you continue to think it was Horace Dupee who stole the money?" he said.

"Oh, I am sure of it!"

"But would you go on the stand today and swear to it?"

"I could not do that," she replied reluctantly. "I have not the evidence; I only feel that it was he."

"Then, if you had the evidence, it would be all right?"

"Yes, indeed. Have you found anything?" she asked eagerly.

"Well, that depends on what one considers anything." He opened a drawer and took out some papers. "There seems to be reason to think that Horace Dupee was in New York at the time the robbery was committed."

"Ah, I knew it!"

"It also appears that immediately after the robbery, he left New York and went to San Francisco."

"Yes, yes, I knew it! He fled to escape arrest!"

"Shortly after his arrival there," continued the inspector, impassively, "a thousand dollar bank note was presented to be cashed there, which was issued by (Continued on Sixth Page)

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